

TNT

By **TIM N. TUT**

TIM'S FILM REVIEW

HOLLYWOOD FOLLIES



New Year Number
January - 1925

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THE BIGGEST LITTLE MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

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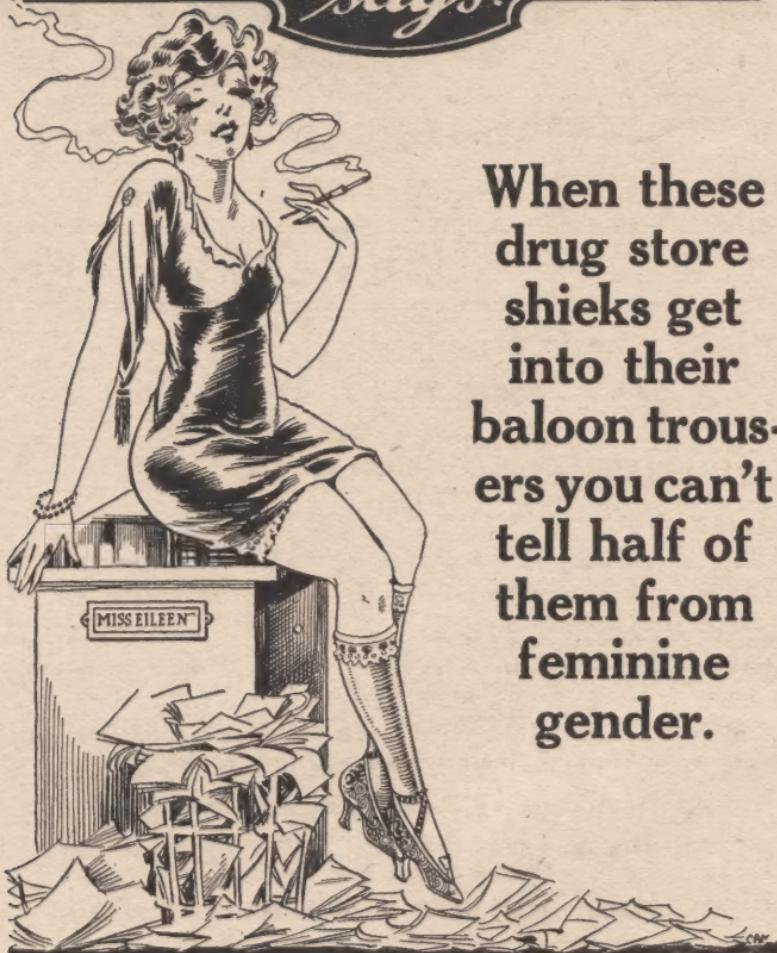
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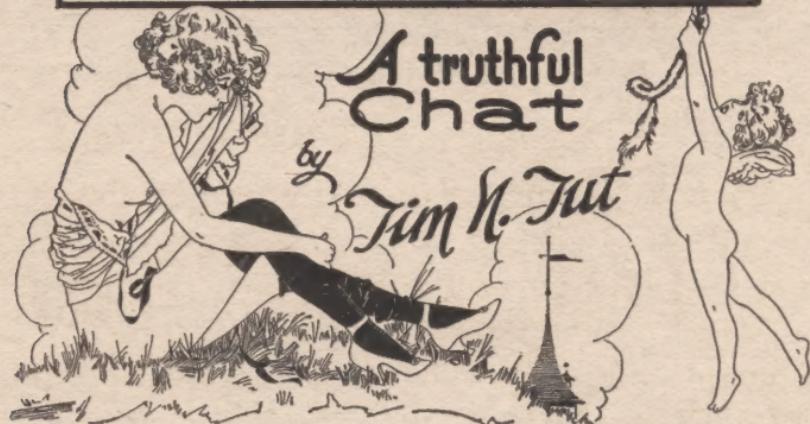
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*Eileen, the Office Vamp,
says:*



**When these
drug store
shieks get
into their
balloon trou-
ers you can't
tell half of
them from
feminine
gender.**

Tut's Tale



HLITTLE over six years ago we were laying in mud, muck and blood. It was a little distance to the right of Exermont, northwest of Verdun. We were facing shells, machine guns, rifles, bayonets—We were being paid—after the usual subtractions for allotments, insurance, etc. about \$6.50 a month. We were wearing a uniform provided by Uncle Sam, and we were doing our damndest—

Now Uncle Sam, through a few, is trying again to get us to wear a uniform provided by him, but this time to work for nothing—

All of which leads up to the subject at hand. As we went to press last month we told you of the Christmas present in the form of neatly worded indictments that had been handed us by your Uncle in Washington.

As it stands now, we go to trial in Fresno, where the offense is alleged to have taken place, on February 2. The government bases its case, in which it alleges that objectionable matter was mailed, on a couple of paragraphs in which **ONLY THE TRUTH** was told. But, according to the indictment, one shouldn't always tell the truth!

This magazine has an ideal. Despite everything, it will continue to do what it thinks is right. Our former Buddies of the Army, the Navy and the Marines, have written us sack after sack of letters urging us to "Carry On." We will.

Every effort is made to keep T N T clean. It tries to keep away from vul-

garity. BUT it will continue its policy of CLEAN HUMOR and it will SMASH, as always, the UNCLEAN, in a BLAST OF THE NAKED TRUTH.

There are truths that should be made known. By shunning the truth one is only making it possible for more uncleanliness to breed.



CLIQUE, one of the strongest in history—a clique controlled by a few paunchy, moneyed magnates—is running the film industry today. It may not actually be a trust, but it is something so close to a trust organization that it might as well be one. As a result, the free lance writer who would grind out scenarios in Hollywood is pretty nearly out of luck; the players themselves who do not kowtow properly are in the same fix and the little independent producers who try to make the grade find themselves with nothing but miles of expense accounts, yards of film and no place to exhibit outside their own little two by four preview rooms!

There is a man at the head of that clique who is but a good looking figurehead. That man is Will Hays. His checks are signed by the members of the clique. He isn't to be blamed.

And here are just a few of the women leads who "are available for screen work" as the result of that banding together of controlling producers. Look over the list. You don't see anyone named here who hasn't played big parts, who hasn't made a name for herself. They are good, clean girls. Some of them, perhaps, have had hard luck. Mary Miles Minter, for one. Here they are:

**Mary Miles Minter, Mildred Harris,
Elaine Hammerstein, Wanda Hawley,
Dorothy Phillips, Dorothy Mackail, Mabel
Ballin, Dolores Cassineli, Ruth Clifford,
Doris May, Mae Marsh, Gladys Hulette,
Lillian Rich, Lucille Rickson and others.**

They are working on single picture contracts. made possible by the workings of the clique. The picture can be rushed through, the star paid off according to the number of days she has worked

and turned loose to hunt again for a job. Maybe she'll get it—maybe she won't.

A good actress is a good artist. But when an artist must needs be on the lookout for work, when she must spend her hours off the set bargaining and heckling for cold mazuma, her artistry suffers.

Cliques aren't the best things to have in an industry like the films.

* * * * *

Living down near the Port of Los Angeles (about fourteen miles from the city, despite the chamber of commerce), are two men whose names are the same—Johnson. One of 'em lost his wife, the other his boat. The wife of the Rev. J. L. Brown called on Mr. Johnson. She thought it was the bereaved Mr. Johson.

"I'm sorry to hear of your great loss," she said sympathetically.

"Oh, it ain't much matter," was the reply, "she wasn't up to much."

“Indeed!” said the surprised woman.

“Yes,” continued Johnson, he of the lost boat, “she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my brother, but he wouldn’t have her. I’ve had my eyes on another for some time!”

* * * * *

One of the greatest hoaxes ever perpetrated on the American public is being done in the name of the National Spiritualist Association!

The organization is composed, in part, of a sticky mess of fat, pudgy women and stary eyed men, a bunch of first class fakers. The rest of the crowd are hangers-on, the dupes and those who are in the thing for money only. Of course, they all hanker for notoriety.

They attach to their names the prefix of “Rev.” And under that camouflage they spring the following guff:

“What about the tragedy of such lives as Mark Twain, Andrew Carnegie, Ed Howe of the At-

chison Globe and thousands of other splendid men and women who are without hope of a future life?"

The Mark Twain class is so far above the Spiritualist gang of rapscallions that there is no comparison. Here is some more from their national organ:

"Fibre trumpets! Better than any metal. Tangible with spirit forces. Cardinal color. Dark seance trumpets, \$2; light seance trumpets, \$2.50; (The light seance costs more) Black crystal mirror (the kind the old crystal fortune telling gag is worked with) \$1.50. Luminous bands, 50 cents; "Communication with the Next World, the right and wrong methods," \$1; The Astral Bells, a spirit symbol.

And read this! They even try to steal some of the thunder from our old friend, William Jennings:

"Your Destiny, Every reader wants to know exactly where he will go when his body is cast off and put in the grave. Dr. Bryan tells you plainly in his inspired

article all about it. Copies mailed sealed for 10 cents. William J. Bryan, M. D."

Can you beat it?

The rest of their national organ is filled with urgent pleas for donations "to carry the good work forward."

If prosperity keeps on, says Tim N. Tut, there'll be a gold rush to our office like the one to California in '49.

* * * * *

THEY MAY BE SOUL-MATES, BUT THE ARREST-IN OFFICER SEES TO IT THAT THEY WON'T

* * * * *

Wives are often paid for on the installment plan in Southeast Africa—but always in the United States!

* * * * *

*Eileen walks in the breeze,
The wind blows about her knees,
But I am here to loudly shout
It's got something to blow about.*

Kidding the Boss

ACT FIRST and explain afterward," seems to be the slogan of some of the motion picture community's "high-powered (?) " press agents.

One M. C. Levee, to whom we have previously referred in connection with his having his name electric-lighted during the showing of a picture he produced, got a bright idea to get a lot of people to view his picture that otherwise might not fall for its title or the fact that he made it. Levee happens to be manager of a studio where the Talmadges, Colleen Moore and some others of note make their films.

Levee and his press agent sent out stories to the newspapers that every person who bought a ticket for the noon showing of his picture at Loew's State Theatre would be given a pass to the studios on the Saturday afternoon at the end of the week.

AND THIS IN FACE OF THE FACT

THAT THE MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION HAS A HARD AND FAST AGREEMENT THAT VISITORS ARE NOT TO BE PERMITTED IN THE STUDIOS.

Just how much business the picture did during the week was not ascertained, but nearly five thousand persons who saw the noon shows eagerly accepted the passes to the studio. The publicity was glowing. On Saturday afternoon the throng crashed into the studio. Constance Talmadge is in New York. Norma isn't working and won't be until spring. Colleen Moore's director barricaded his stage. The visitors wandered about a little while, saw a few exterior settings that are rotting for want of use and then went home.

The studio got complaints. So did the theatre. So did the papers that carried the publicity. But Leee and his press agent stood pat.

One notable case was that of a girl who went to work in a store because she has never been able to get employment even as an extra. Believing

Levee's offer to be in good faith, and crazy to get within the forbidden portals of a big studio, she contrived to get a ticket at Loew's State. So that her employer would not know what she was doing she reported sick Friday so she could catch the noon show at the theatre. As she would otherwise have had to work all day Saturday she also reported sick on that day so she could see the studio.

BUT SHE SAW NOTHING AND LOST TWO DAYS' PAY.

AND LEVEE AND HIS PRESS AGENT STAND PAT!

*Hell is where the OTHER DENOMINATIONS GO,
according to the other denominations.*

* * * * *

JIMMY, BUY A PACKAGE OF RAT POISON FOR THE CAT.

* * * * *

The wicked can console themselves with the thought that there are no reformers in Hell.

Is It a Consolation?

"My leg is in the cast," cried the chorus girl as she kicked a mean foot.

What with women taking all the public jobs we men have only one consolation left us and that is that no matter what women may aspire to in the future they will never be able to get a job as a male man or even as a policeman.

* * * * *

WHEN TIM N. TUT BATHES MANY A
CONTENTED BOARDER LOSES ITS
HAPPY HOME.

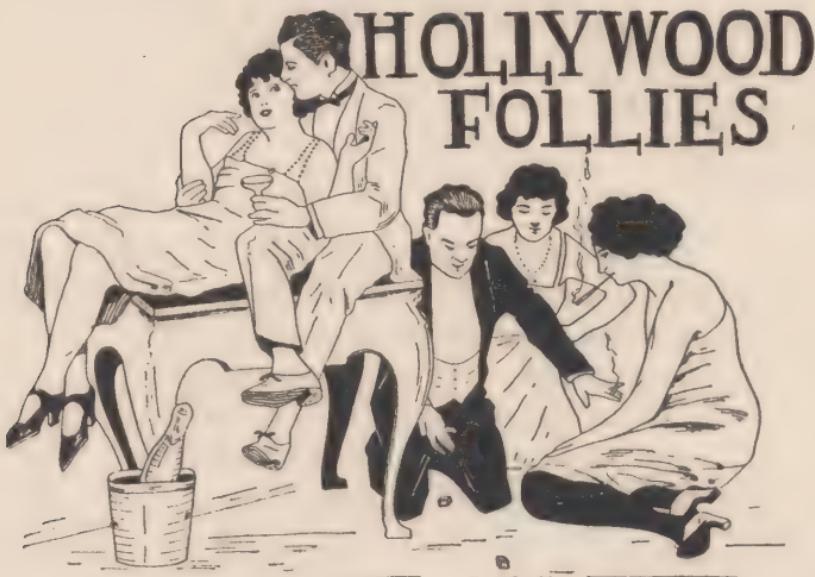
* * * * *

Eileen: "I see by the papers that a couple were married after a fifty year courtship.

Tim: "I guess the poor cuss was too feeble to resist any longer."

* * * * *

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Something-or-other should handle those near-beer joint owners who keep one of the old fashioned kegs out in front.



HEN D. Ross Lederman, film director, married Marcella four years ago in Hollywood he was sure he was laying the foundation for the best little family circle in Filmland. So did Marcella.

Four years isn't a very long time. But during that time they have appeared in divorce court **SEVEN TIMES!** Twice a year Marcella has filed suit for divorce. Except one time when an interlocutory decree was granted

and later withdrawn, Marcella herself has quashed the court action. The sixth suit was filed last May, but in a few days the couple became reconciled.

Their matrimonial ship has been tossed over some WILD, WILD WAVES. But in the past it has always made port. The picture, starting with a honeymoon, leading up to a battle has always ended in a grand climax, a fade-out of clinging lips and renewed vows.

But now the anti-climax:

Marcella Lederman charges that her spouse beat her and knocked her down. She was so frightened that she fled from their home. She cites eleven different forms of cave-man beatings that she says were handed out to her during the past two years.

BUT—

Lederman passes out a line from the opposite direction. Even in this he refuses to agree with

his wife. No wonder they couldn't get along.

No man in the country can hold his wife when she is "in her cups," he declares.

That's a whopper, but he goes further. He says she has all his money and that all he can get is a daily allowance of 50 cents for lunch. And in Los Angeles cafeterias that doesn't amount to much.

It's a great life in Hollywood for the Lederman's.



Jean Vernon and Eleanor Kingston, chorus girls in "Little Jessie James" at the Biltmore Theatre tried recently to emulate the late Jack Johnson (he's a preacher now, therefore the "late"). They staged a bout via the hair pulling route and let a few blows and a few extra pulls fly promiscuously in the direction of other fair chorines who crowded the dressing room.

Chorus girls sometimes can pass catty remarks. They did. Sore as boiled owls, Jean and Eleanor, scanty dress and all, refused to go on with the rest before the footlights, there to disport themselves and display their bonny forms for the edification of bald headed eggs in the front rows. In plain diction, they were a pair of balky mares—

The chorus girls were fired. Then they demanded railroad fare back to Broadway. They didn't want to walk the ties and they were self respecting chicks. So a loan is to be advanced to Jean and Eleanor. They will ride the cushions back to New Yawk. And the Actors Equity will collect "in the future" from the pugilistic, hair pulling pair.

A few months ago the amusement world sat up and took notice when a certain well-known screen actress, namely Maryon Aye, signed a contract that contained a so-called "morality clause" under which she agreed to be "good" and "to conduct

herself in a proper manner and not to cause *too much* publicity while in public." Similar clauses have since been incorporated in many subsequent legal agreements between motion picture players and producers. It is pretty much of an admission by the producers that things need changing.

Now comes another revolutionary innovation in the business of placing stellar signatures on the dotted line Doris Kenyon, beautiful and enormously popular, has signed the anti-fat pledge!

By the terms of a long-time contract recently made, Miss Kenyon is forbidden to take on weight. This stipulation was emphasized the other day when she took lunch with John Francis Dillon, directing "If I Marry Again," her first picture under the new contract.

Dillon looked aghast as the star ordered a luncheon that would have done credit to the strong woman of a circus.

"Why, you're bound by your contract not to take on weight, Miss Kenyon", he protested.

"Don't worry about my getting fatter", said

the star nonchalantly. "I don't know how I'm going to eat enough to keep from getting thin."

NOT WORTH \$1.50

A colored man took out a marriage license. A few days later he went back and asked the clerk to substitute another woman's name for the one on the license, as he had changed his mind. He was told that that would cost him another dollar and a half.

"You mean I got to get a new license?"

"Yes," said the clerk.

The applicant was silent for a few minutes, thinking hard. Then he said with an air of determination, "Never, min, boss; this ol' one will do. Thar ain't a dollar an' a half difference 'tween them two, nohow."

* * * * *

The Height of Luck
IS BEING A BOOTLEGGER'S BRIDE

DIZZY LIMERICKS

A certain young damsel named Lizzie
Went around with a gent she called "Izzie";
When he'd ask for a kiss
The silly young miss
Would promptly reply; "Sure, get bizzie."

* * * * *

A bolshevik hater of classes
Said: "One class the other harasses,
I'll make all men alike."
So he stroked his Vandyke,
And took the "M" out of the masses.

* * * * *

DIOGENES WASN'T LOOKING FOR AN
HONEST MAN WITH THAT OLD LAN-
TERN OF HIS. HE USED IT IN CHAS-
ING AROUND THE FORUM HUNTING
FOR SPOONERS IN PARKED CHARIOTS.

THE WRONG KIND

"Well, my good man, why are you puffing?

"Are you the gent who advertised: 'Help wanted to dress chickens'?"

"Yes, I'm the man, and here are the chickens."

And the butcher pointed to the fowls.

Smiling the man fell dead.

* * * * *

Do goats think?

No, but they smell.

* * * * *

The height of impossibility—

TO INSULT A FLAPPER.

* * * * *

Jimmy, if your books don't balance
buy a new set of scales.

* * * * *

Eileen: Why don't you criticise Tut's manners?
Tim N: I can't. He hasn't any.

WHY ASK HIM?

Anxious Voice; (calling the weather man) "How about a shower tonight?"

Prophet: "Well, lady, if you need one, take it."

* * * * *

IMAGINE SOME CHICKENS EATING
CORN WITHOUT TEETH
says the old hen.

* * * * *

Tim: Are you thinking serious?

Eileen: Of what?

Tim: Of me.

AND THEN SHE CROWNED HIM.

* * * * *

MANY AN AUTOIST HAS A WONDER-
FUL TIME WITH A MISS IN
HIS MOTOR

* * * * *

"Circumstances sometimes alter cases,"
said the bootlegger as he emptied the
hooch in the sink when the cop appeared.

She Didn't Look It

A woman entered an art exhibit and stood before the most beautiful painting in the gallery. It was that of a moral influence reform work—a nude woman, kneeling, her head bowed.

“Fine, ain’t it?” a man said. He consulted the catalogue and added:

“It’s called ‘Repentance.’ ”

“Hump,” said the woman, “you’d think if she’d repented, she’d put some clothes on.”

* * * * *

YOURS TILL HELL FREEZES OVER AND
THE COWS COME HOME ON THE
ICE.

* * * * *

Here’s the Height of Uselessness!

A CHAPERONE

* * * * *

The dumbest fellow we know of thinks a
BLACK BEAUTY IS A COLORED WOMAN.

Something Wrong With This Motor?

"Saturday afternoon a quartette of Monrovia young folks—R. W. Upchurch, Miss Eula Lee, Miss Dollie Prother and Barber Simpson—drove to Tia Juana, returning home Saturday evening. The going trip as far as Oceanside was made in Barber Simpson's car, the motor of which is reported to have become so stiff and cold on account of slow driving that it wouldn't function properly, necessitating a change of cars."—Monrovia (Cal.) Messenger.

* * * * *

DEAR TIM: What is a "deadbeat?"—
Vam Pire.

A "Scotch Shiek."

* * * * *

Ethel: I'm dreadfully afraid of a fire, and when I go to bed I take every precaution."

Eileen: "So do I, dearie. I always wear silk ones."

HE WAS "DOGGY"

There was an awful racket coming from room 313 and the hotel clerk began getting restless. At last he could stand it no longer.

"What's the idea of all this growling here," he yelled as he hammered on the door.

"Sall right," hiccuped the voice inside, "tain't me growlin' 'tall. Jus' ate too many hot dogs."

* * * * *

"PRINCE, GET THE UMBRELLA," CRIED THE QUEEN, "THE KING IS GOING TO REIGN AGAIN."

* * * * *

Teacher: Your child has an impediment in his speech.

Parent: (suspicious) He hasn't had a thing to drink.

* * * * *

Dotty, Eileen's girl friend, lisps that a friend is one who forgives everything but success.

Either Absent-Minded or Beer?

"How many?" asked the street car conductor as he rang up the fares.

"I'll bid seven no trumps," cried Tim N. Tut, coming home from the card party.

* * * * *

COULDN'T SINK

Why didn't you save the woman from drowning?

I looked at her shoulder blades and thought they were water wings.

* * * * *

SHIVVER DOTTY. HE MIGHT TAKE THE HINT THEN.

* * * * *

OUR DRUG STORE SHIEK IS SO HARD BOILED HE PUTS LEMON IN HIS ICED TEA.

* * * * *

OUR DRUG STORE SHIEK'S PANTS ARE SO BIG AROUND THE BOTTOM THAT SOMETIMES HE NEARLY FALLS THROUGH THEM.

Famous Last Words

“I'll not give the road to any old truck.”

“Give me one more drink.”

“Do I have to be strapped in this airship?”

“I can just get across ahead of that train.”

“What's the matter, this story isn't obscene?”

“I'll just knock off 60 miles an hour on this straight stretch, there couldn't be any cop around here.”

“I'll just stick around another hour, I don't think your husband will come home.”

* * * * *

Eileen's shiek took her and her girl friend, Dotty out the other night. Before the night was half over Eileen was broke.

* * * * *

“This town is certainly giving me a cold reception,”
remarked the arctic explorer as he stepped
out on the shore of Iceland.

* * * * *

The dirty thing
SEND HIM A BAR OF SOAP SAYS
EILEEN

A Snappy Comeback

"Why do you go about with such boys! It looks like Robbing the cradle."

"I would rather rob the cradle than the grave."

* * * * *

BADZIB SAYS THAT HE IS OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN, HE HAS LOST INTEREST IN THEM.

* * * * *

Some girls remember the old fashioned days when pants were popular.

* * * * *

OUR SHOW ISN'T HALF AS POPULAR AS IT USED TO BE, BEFORE THE CENSORS CAME.

* * * * *

MANY SAFES AREN'T WHAT THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE.

* * * * *

"I'M SIMPLY ROLLING IN THE DOUGH," SHOUTED THE BAKER.

SHE WAS MISTAKEN

"Eramus, I craves to have you 'splain what yo' all was doin' walkin' down de street wif dat huzzy yestaday."

"Aw gwan 'liza, dat wuzn't no street, dat wuz an alley."

* * * * *

Miss Brown: "Dear me, Doctor, I'm nearly frantic! What can I do to improve my complexion?"

Doctor: "I'm afraid you'll have to diet."

Miss Brown: "Why I never thought of that. What color do you think will look best?"

* * * * *

When a girl's reputation is shown up,
she is finally cast down.

* * * * *

Some girls cut a good figure and others pad them.

* * * * *

IF MEN BRAGGED OF THEIR WIVES AS THEY DO OF THEIR BOOTLEGGER, EARTH WOULD BE A PARADISE.

TIM'S FILM REVIEW



HE wickedness of the younger generation as it shows up in the flapper stories on the screen is getting to be grawesome. One has to be a glutton for punishment to stand it all. The stories don't mean anything—they are'nt even about anything.

When the reckless young thing shows her garters in the first three reels the audience gets its first big thrill. And then she drinks a cocktail in about the fifth reel

and at the tail end of the film she tells the hero that she didn't really love the hellish cocktail shaker—it's his black mustache that holds her true affections!

It's as bad as having to sit through a dozen or so reels watching a half-baked boy, who has to get money from papa to hire a taxicab, have a romance with a girl-child in boarding school, and a lot of infantile guff and piffle.

* * * * *

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—It is the invariable formula, one of the endless series of plays in which the wedded bliss of the couple who appear as hero and heroine is upset first by misunderstandings, and eventually by the appearance of the intruder, making the same old geometrical triangle. It has no originality of treatment.

There is some comedy of a light nature. In the fourth reel the practical joker informs the husband that he is the father of twins. The husband goes to the hospital to find the nurse holding only one baby. He inquires with an air of highly pained suspicion:

“Where is the other one?”

To hold up the picture and strengthen the plot a biblical cut-back has been included, in which a great variety of white meat and female flesh is littered over the set, cluttering up the scenes in which drapery-gowned men are doing their stuff.

* * * * *

THREE KEYS—The money mart, a looted safety deposit box and a bit of Spanish romance build up this story revolving about the old stock exchange theme. Here is shown the same crowd of frenzied men in the stock exchange pit, but this film is embellished with a murder, threatened suicides, larceny and a tangled skein of love affairs.

Very ample checking accounts figure largely in *Reels of Wealth*. A little Spanish girl is suspected of the theft of a grip-full of negotiable bonds. She finally turns out to be the daughter of a beautiful woman with whom the capitalist was infatuated while he was sowing his wild oats in his youth in Spain. The Spanish girl finally marries him.

SMOULDERING FIRES—A story of tragic romantic experience of a middle aged business woman who is enamoured of a young man in his early twenties. This is the best thing that has come out of Universal City in a long, long time.

**But it sure is one hell of a title for
a picture of its type.**

The middle aged business woman is the active executive head of a large manufacturing establishment left her by her father. Her motto admonishes her to "lean on no man." She might be termed a "super-woman." The young man with whom she falls in love is a young inspector employed in the factory. He is an efficient youth, desirous of getting ahead. This eventually brings him in contact with the woman manager. She promotes him and raises his salary (Pretty soft). Finally he is made presidents assistant. After a row caused by the jealousy of a factory girl, he finds it necessary to propose to the middle aged woman and is accepted. It is through her sister that the plot finally develops. The finish brings a big surprise.

WHITE MAN—A roving adventure of a new sort, with Alice Joyce, returning to the screen in the leading role. The story is laid in South Africa. There is both romance and thrills. The heroine runs away from her bride-groom-to-be and intrusts herself to an unknown aviator who takes her to an island plantation of which he is the owner. The villain steps into the film. Then it is the usual case of the villain getting the better of the hero and stealing the girl away. The conflict between he and the girl is carried on in the customary crudity.

Then there is the last minute rescue during which two bands of natives have a pitched battle and the airplane with the hero at the helm comes to the aid of the heroine.

SHE WAS ONLY A PHOTOGRAPHERS
DAUGHTER BUT SHE FRAMED
MANY A MAN.

* * * * *

Try to kiss the next 100 women you meet, and after that knock down the first man who calls you a cynic.

THE GREAT MARTYR

The woman orator was warming to her subject as she addressed the gathering of mere men. "Women," she shouted, "have in all times and in all countries been the mainspring of national existence. Who was the ruler? Queen Victoria! Who was the world's greatest martyr? Gentlemen, who, I ask, was the world's greatest martyr?"

And with one accord that immense gathering of men arose and shouted with one voice: "My wife!"

* * * * *

MANY A GROOM PUTS OFF THE WEDDING UNTIL HIS FATHER CAN AFFORD IT.

* * * * *

YOU MAY KNOW YOUR ROYLES ROYCE KIDDO, BUT YOU RATTLE LIKE A FORD.

* * * * *

Being "broke" means "Nothing" to most people.

A NEW SONG IS: SINCE MOTHER TORE FATHERS NIGHTIE HE'S GONE TO KKK MEETINGS IN THE NUDE



He Forgot the Name

Little Willie had been thoroughly coached by his mother in his Sunday School work. Her instructions were something like this. "Now, Willie, if the teacher asks you what your name is, you must say 'My name is William Brown' and if she asks you who made you you must answer politely and say, 'God made me.'"

With these parting instructions Willie went on his way. In due time the teacher asked the little fellow, "And now, little boy, what is your name?" "My name is Willie, I mean William Brown." The lad gave a sigh of relief.

"And" continued the teacher "who made you?"

Willie looked at the teacher with a blank expression, hesitated and then in an apologizing manner said, "I—I'm awful sorry teacher... Mother did tell me but I forgot the gentleman's name!"

* * * * *

"Oh, what a cute little dolly! Does she say 'mama' when you squeeze her?" asked the old lady.

"Naw!" replied the little girl, "My dolly's modern. When you squeeze her she says, 'Oh boy'".

Escape of the Biddle Brothers

(The following story of the notorious Biddle Brothers is the first of a series dealing with famous crimes and criminals of the United States. Prepared for the most part by men who had first hand knowledge, they compose one of the most interesting historical series that has come to our attention. This is the tale of a sensational escape from jail with the warden's wife and the tragic end of the principals.—Tim N. Tut.)



THE black head of Lust, that sometimes hides itself within the glamour and lure of romance, raised itself and beckoned to the pretty wife of the warden of the Alleghany County jail in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. And she responded.

During the early months of 1901 twenty-seven burglaries were committed in Pittsburg and the methods used were so alike that they were all laid to one gang. Early on the morning of April 12 the Thomas Kahney grocery store was entered and Kahney shot to death. The same day police received information that the movements of a gang

of men and women living at 34 Fulton street should be investigated.

The house was surrounded, one policeman was killed and two brothers, Ed and Jack Biddle, Frank Dorman and two women known as Jeanie Wilcox and Jessie Wright were arrested. The entire gang was charged with murder, the two brothers convicted and sentenced to be hanged on December 12, 1901.

Dorman was sentenced to life imprisonment and the two women acquitted. The Biddle brothers were given a 60-day respite by the governor and confined for that time in the Alleghany County jail in Pittsburg.

At 4 o'clock in the morning January 30, 1902, Ed Biddle called from his cell to Guard James McGeary and announced that his brother had been taken ill and asked the guard to get some cramp medicine. McGeary hurried to comply, and when he returned the Biddles broke through the bars that they had sawed almost in two. They grappled with McGeary and threw him over a railing to a cement floor 16 feet below. The des-

perate men produced revolvers that had been smuggled into them and shot another guard. They covered the only other guard present and locked him in the dungeon. With the keys from McGeary's pocket, they opened the doors and walked out of the prison.

When Warden Peter Soffel was notified he put two and two together and got the right answer. His wife, the mother of his four children, had disappeared. The circumstances convinced him that her infatuation for Ed Biddle, a handsome fellow, caused her to smuggle in the saws and weapons. Then she gave herself to him—accompanied him on his flight from prison.

Snow covered the ground. The pursuit was started in sleighs. On the next day the officers learned that the Biddle brothers and Mrs. Soffel had eaten dinner at the J. J. Stevens home at Mount Chestnut, five miles east of Butler, Pa. It was near there that the two men and the woman were seen trying to escape in a sleigh. The officers opened fire. The two brothers were killed.

Mrs. Soffel was wounded in the breast and fell in the snow.

She was not fatally hurt. When she realized what she had done she wanted to die. Her husband found a letter written to her by Ed Biddle, which showed that she had fallen in love with the desperado in November, 1901, and on December 2 she began preparation to aid their escape.

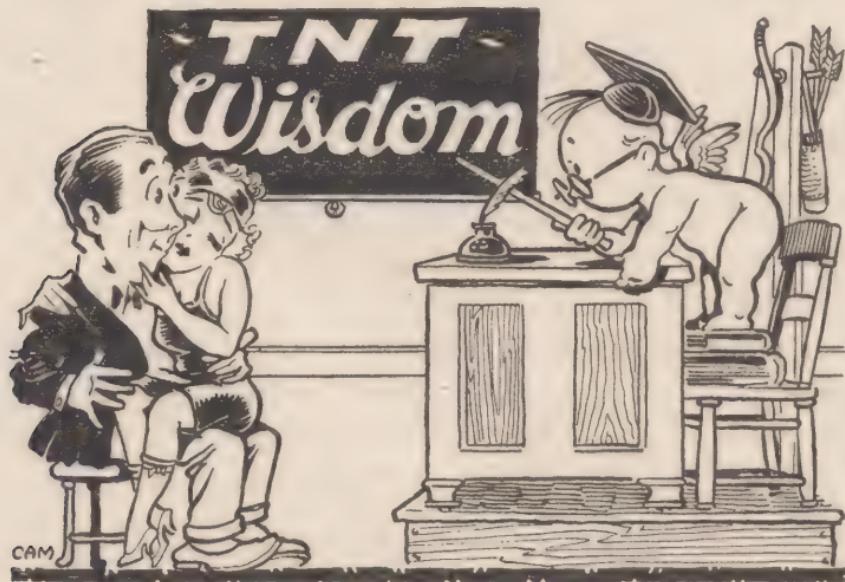
The woman was prosecuted and sent to the state prison for two years. After her release she tried the theatrical business, but the performance was stopped by the authorities!

She went into seclusion, changed her name and earned a living as a dressmaker, fully repentant of her mad infatuation for Biddle.

On August 30, 1901, she died at the West Pennsylvania Hospital in Pittsburg from a complication of diseases.

Tim N. Tut: My cow fell through the barn floor.

Eileen: Did she strain her milk?



*WHEN A GIRL LOSES HER HEAD IT IS
USUALLY ON SOME FELLOW'S
SHOULDER.*

* * * * *

*BALLET GIRLS NEVER GROW GREY
IN THE SERVICE.*

* * * * *

*FORD BACK SIGN:
A Little Brother to the Rich.*

Stripping for Action



HEN magazine publishers start scrap-
ping among themselves the result is
hardly panegyrical. It is to "cachin-
nate." Listen:

Bernarr Macfadden is provoked. William Randolph Hearst is the provoker. Hearst recently acquired "Smart Set." And the latter periodical pamphlet has lifted the Macfadden "True Stories" scheme. The athletic publisher believes he has ground for legal action because Hearst uses a line in his little sheet that is similar to a phrase in the Macfadden organ.

Bernarr doesn't do a Daily Dozen any more. He does a Daily Eighteen miles from Nyack to New York—bare feet and no hat. He tries to keep up with the styles set by his daughter, Helen, now in a vaudeville dance act. He's stripped both ends. But he still is some distance behind! And before he catches up, he's likely to strip his gears.

The Macfadden-Hearst bout will be interesting to watch.

FORD BACK SIGN:

"Suppose nobody cared."

* * * * *

PASTEUR-IZED

SHE. "I wouldn't wipe my feet on you."

HE. (Looking at her feet with intreest—then with horror) "Well, if you did, I'd certainly slap your face!"

* * * * *

"Styles may come, and styles may go, but calves go on forever," says Eileen.

* * * * *

EILEEN THINKS HENRY FORD WROTE THE "TIN" COMMANDMENTS.

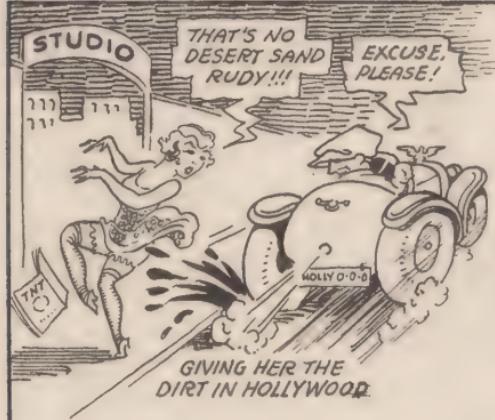
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It's difficult to enjoy the moonlight without a female companion—and vice versa.

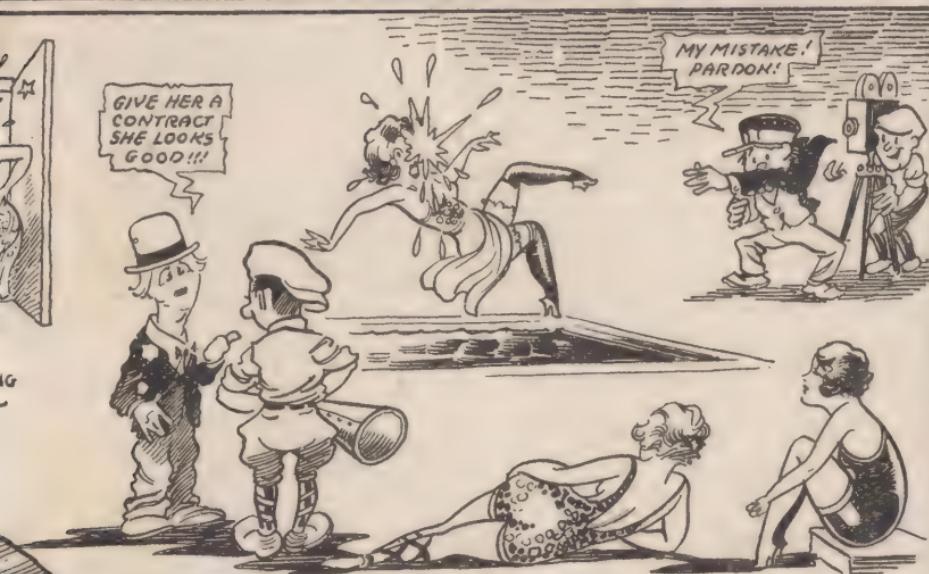
* * * * *

Eileen loves revolving doors in a hotel. It gives her a chance to go around with anybody she wants to.

• MISADVENTURES of



EILEEN IN HOLLYWOOD •



A FAST ONE

Prospective buyer: Has this car a good pickup?

Auto salesman: I picked up a rich widow in one last night.

* * * * *

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO A-ROUND, IN DEBT.

* * * * *

Employer: And so you want a raise? Well how much?

Employee: Oh, just a flivvering wage.

* * * * *

Is Eileen dainty?

Dainty? Why she even cuts her tobacco plugs with pocket scissors.

* * * * *

Mary had a little man,
She fleeced him good, you know,
And everywhere
That Mary went
She spent the poor guy's dough.

A Man-o-Warsman Speaks

(“Short Timer,” who was the writer of an article on the merits of various branches of the service, started something. The following is from a *Man-O-Warsman* on the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*, as good a ship as ever plowed a wave. Personally, having served two hitches with the Doughboys, I refuse to commit myself as to marines or gobs. But now, why can’t we have a Gyrene talk back to the *Man-O-Warsman*? Then Let’s hear some de-cootieized Infantryman pipe up with a little more argument.—Tim N. Tut.)

FTER listening, reading and matching all arguments about a man-o-warsman and a marine, I decided to chip in my list.

“Anyway you take it an up-to-date man-o-warsman has it all over a marine. In appearance, a sailor is first. In ability he is also first.

“What is a marine? Anybody who knows anything about the service regards him as a sea-going bell hop. What does he do? He does nothing but stand a four-hour watch over a slop barge or the ‘honey-box’ and takes care of his rifle. That’s

all. Why don't they do more? Because you can't trust them on any more than that. They haven't got the savvy to do more.

"If you would tell a marine to wire brush the 'Charlie Noble' he would go out looking for a guy by that name, when a sailor would know just what to do. If you told a marine to 'clamp down' on a Sunday morning he would go down the after hold for clamps.

"And furthermore, to prove they have no savvy other than to stand a watch or shine a rifle, we had one stand on the stern of the ship with a boat hook, to hook on the mail buoy when the ship passed it. And the poor boy stood there for three hours before we put him wise to it.

"So he told his marine friends about it, and it was several days before we got on friendly terms again. Then we made a new-comer (who had not heard of the last joke), stay up till 10 o'clock to turn out the dead-lights.

"And if marines are so bright they would have more marines than sailors. Any common guy

ought to know that. As for 'Shorttimer' who wrote his note in the November issue, he's probably 'cuckoo' over getting out of the service. I believe myself what he said whas just opposite to what the young lady said, instead of 'How long do you have to be a sailor to become a marine? it was 'How long do you have to be a marine to become a sailor?'

"My answer to this is 'Never'!

"Sincerely,

"U. S. S. Oklahoma Man-o-Warsman.

"P.S.—If the 'Short Timer' who wrote in the November issue of T N T wants my address let him notify me through this magazine, as I am a constant reader."

Eileen, the Office Vamp, likes nothing better than an opportunity to engage in Billingsgate. Her favorite outburst this month is "PULL IN YOUR YOUR HEAD. A WOODPECKER IS COMING THIS WAY."

FEET OF CLAY



HE MAN smiled to himself with satisfaction. He had sown his wildoats, made a million as a crooked lawyer, and was now ready for the Great Adventure. The only obstacle that stood in his way was the finding of the One Woman. That she must be innocent was the essential qualification. Therefore, he approached the suspect as the humble monk makes a pilgrimage to the shrine of his saint.

Quoth he, "To me you are the One Woman. I would lay my heart at your feet, but I fear that I am most unworthy. I have drunk deeply of the wine when it was a crimson red, and little loves have not called in vain. Because of these small indulgences, I hesitate."

Having a real love for him she gloried in his confession and offered to him red lips that breathed of love untold.

"Beloved," she whispered, and the words were

in themselves a caress, "I, too, have sinned. I, too, . . ." But the Man had fled.

Even afterward he shuddered at his narrow escape and always thought of her as "The Woman."

Several years later he met a sweet young thing and, finding her blissfully ignorant, he labelled her his Ideal and they had the conventional church wedding.

Within threescore weeks his wife departed with the ice man for lands unknown, while behind the drab walls of a convent "The woman" prayed for his soul.

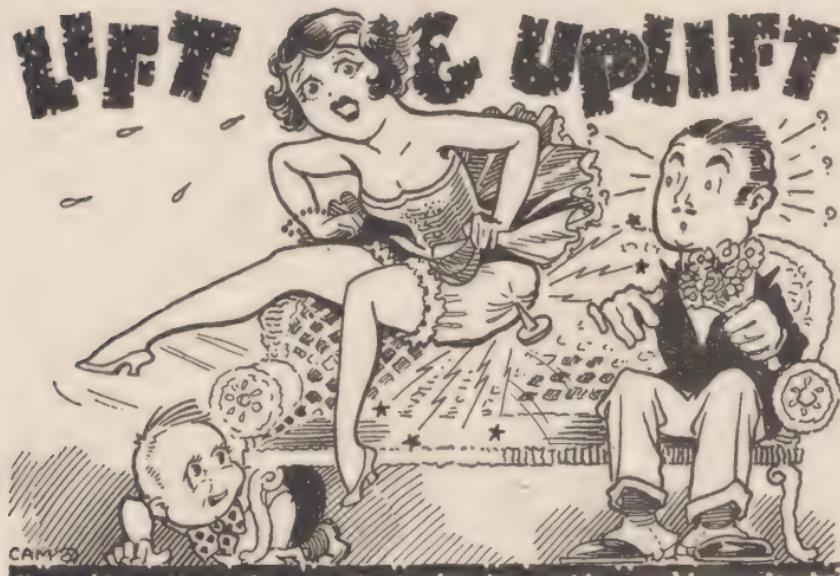
The man is a pronounced cynic.

"The Woman" has long since taken the veil.

And his Ideal? Well, she is sowing her wild oats.

THIS MONTH'S CONUNDRUM:

If one rib will make a woman what will two ribs make?



COURISTS to California this January are expressing surprise that there are so many nice apartments and flats vacant this season. For your information, this is largely due to the steadily increasing number of local homicides (murders).

**One hardly gets settled in a new flat
before he has to move to the morgue.**

There is one guy we feel sorry for. He is the

coroner. He seldom gets time to finish eating his supper.

* * * * *

EILEEN, THE OFFICE VAMP, SAYS THAT TO THE AVERAGE GIRL, PUTTING ASIDE SOMETHING FOR A RAINY DAY MEANS A PAIR OF BRIGHT COLORED SILK HOSE IN RESERVE FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY.

* * * * *

SIGN ON BACK OF A FORD:

"Come Home, LIZZIE, All is forgiven.
PAPA."

* * * * *

Headline says:

CALEXICO GIN HAS BIG RUN.

And another:

BISHOP BURNS AT FIRST M. E.
CHURCH.

* * * * *

"THE GREAT WIDE OPEN SPACES"
ARE OFTEN EMBARRASSING.

Do You Blame Him?

By Robert Dean

For some time the husband had sat deeply engrossed in his own thoughts. At last his wife spoke.

"What in the world is on your mind?"

"I have been wondering," he explained. "Just wondering."

"Wondering! About what?"

"Well, no sooner were we safely married than you induced me to stop smoking, swearing and taking an occasional nip. Then you got me to stop reading light literature. You threw away all the pictures I had accumulated during my bachelor days. Then you had me go to a new tailor, and you bought my shirts and collars and ties yourself, so that they would not be the kind I had always worn. Then you forced me to grow a moustache and have my hair cut differently. One by one you weaned me away from my old friends and had me cultivate new ones. You also stopped my regular custom of spending every other Sunday with some of my relatives, until now I am on the merest speaking terms with my family. Also, through your suggestion, I have dropped cards, billiards and abandoned my usual fishing trips; cut out the football games, prize fights, musical comedies and all that sort of thing. So I have just been wondering."

"Wondering what, Harold?"

And then he killed her with the ice pick.

THE MODERN YOUTH

After the Sunday School Teacher had finished the story of Moses' life she turned to little Jimmie and asked, "Now, James, you tell us this, who was the Mother of Moses?"

"The Egyptian Princess." was the reply.

"No, no," corrected the teacher, "don't you remember that the Princess found the little baby down by the river?"

"Awe, shucks," sneered Jimmie, "that's what they all say."

* * * * *

SERVED HIM RIGHT

Chauncy turned his eyes to gaze
Upon a dainty lass.

(Now this is a true chronicle)

He stepped upon an apple peel
(She's now about to pass)

He stepped upon an apple peal—
And fell and broke his—monacle.

* * * * *

Famous quotation: THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME
AND I BIT.—Adam.

Another Stew

Mary had a little lamb
That she couldn't break from buttin',
It chanced to butt the butcher man;
Now all she's got is mutton.

* * * * *

Preacher to newsboy leading dog. "Nice dog you have there sonny. What is his name?"

Newsboy. "Yes sir. His name is Myrtle."

* * * * *

OUR OPINION IS THAT PROHIBITION IS HERE TO STAY, IN SPITE OF ALL THE DRY AGENTS CAN DO.

* * * * *

Eileen: I cawn't do it.

Tim: Don't "broad" a me.

* * * * *

Webster's Dictionary says: "Shiek—a venerable old man."

Oh, Mr. Webster, you have NO IDEA!

The Candy Kid

An eager young man went to call upon a young lady of his choice, and strange as it may seem, the Fair One had not completed her toilette. It therefore fell upon the kid brother to entertain the guest for a few minutes.

After a short time the boy desiring to become fraternal dived down into his pocket and produced a sticky piece of candy. "Here, eat a piece of my candy", said the lad.

The poor suitor was at a loss to know what to do. He didn't want to eat that dirty piece of candy, and yet he did not want to offend the boy for fear that his chances with the sister would be impaired. Accordingly he finally devoured the ancient sweet.

The boy watched every movement, and finally when he was certain that the candy was gone he said, "Did you eat it?"

"Yes," was the rather sullen reply.

"And did you swalley it all down?" was the eager question.

"Yes, I ate it; I swallowed it right down". snapped the man.

"Well, now, ain't that funny" continued the kid, "You know, Mister, I gave that same piece of candy to Fido, and each time he spit it out."

* * * * *

Investigators of a buried city in Nevada think they have discovered a lost race.

THEY SHOULD GO DOWN TO TIA JUANA!

* * * * *

Eileen, the Office Vamp, says the only lies that trouble her conscience are the ones that people don't believe.

* * * * *

G R A V E Y A R D E L E G Y

(Written after a visit of the prohibition officers)

Seated one day at my desk, dear
I was weary and ill at ease,
As I sat there, fingering idly
An ancient bunch of keys.
There was the key to the garret
And the key to the cellar door,
The cellar that once my pride was
But it ain't my pride no more.

Old Maxims

To pluck the fruit before it is ripe, you know better,
To take a woman before she is yours is folly past all redeeming.
To leave the ripe fruit upon the tree is unthinkable.
Not to take a woman when she is yours is unforgivable.

If you are so ignorant in the first instance, and so stupid in the second,
Tread not the path of such delights.
You will find only thorns, or tears, and your Beloved will turn to another.

* * * * *

“MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW,” CRIED THE DRESSMAKER AS SHE SHORTENED THE DRESS.

* * * * *

“IT’S A GREAT LIFE IF YOU DON’T WEAKEN,”
SAYS EILEEN, BUT YOU’RE MARRIED IF YOU DO.”

* * * * *

The reason they don’t “kiss and make up” now-a-days is because the girls are already made up as it is.

WE HEARD THIS ONE

It was a pale moonlit night and the Edition had gone to press. He was printing a time-exposure kiss on her pretty lips.

"I got your gum, dear," he murmured.

"Nonsense honey, it's just me—I got a bad cold."

* * * * *

Once, Maybe, but—

"Can't you overcome your thirst for liquor?" exclaimed the decorus friend in a reproachful voice.

"No. Simpossible. Can't, hic, get nuff liquor nowadays."

* * * * *

HE: Pants are no longer an emblem of authority.

SHE: They never were! Why I have always been boss, and I never wear——" but she fled in embarrassment.

POETICAL ROVERS

OH, A NAUGHTY BEE
BUZZED OUT TO SEA
JUST TO SEE
WHAT HE COULD SEE
ON A
SEPTEMBER MORN—



THE VAMPIRE

A fool there was and he made his prayer—

(Even as you and I.)

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—

(We called her the woman who did not care)

But the fool he called her his lady fair—

(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we taste—

And the work of our head and hand

OH, WHY NOT A FLEA?
OH, WHY NOT A FLEA?

Belong to the woman who did not know—

(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent—

(Even as you and I.)

Honor and faith and sure intent.—

(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent

(Even as you and I.)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost—

And the excellent things we planned
Belonging to the woman who didn't know why—

(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide—

(Even as you and I.)

Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—

(But it isn't on record the lady tried)

So some of him lived but the most of him died—

(Even as you and I.)

But it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame

That stings like a white hot brand—

It's coming to know that she never knew why—

(Seeing at last she could never know why)

And could never understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Egyptian Straights

PRINCE ALBERT on a summers day
Climbed on a CAMEL and rode away
To seek the hand of a damsel shy
Whom he had known in days gone by.

FATIMA, Queen of all surveyed
With famous kings and princes played
Much different than the girl of old
Her heart had grown quite hard and cold.

Sir HERBERT TARRYTON knew that too
For he had tried his best to woo
And when she threw him to one side
His heart was broken and he cried.
"You tire of me and thus it is"

Lord CHESTERFIELD next tried his luck
But her cruel heart he couldn't buck
She cast him from her with a sneer
And said; "You aren't welcome here."

BULL DURHAM was a sailor who
Had tried his arts upon her too
She laughed and said, "There were a few
But you I'm sure will never do."

PRINCE ALBERT passed PALL MALL at night
And in the distance saw a light
"I'll be there soon," he murmured low,
"If this dopey CAMEL will only go."

At noon the Prince tis said was seen
Sitting beside the lovely Queen
So close as one their forms would seem
But a VELVET pillow was between.

Their heads bent closer to each other
Till Albert tried his best to smother
The Queen with kisses passionate
The EDGEWORTH came but 'twas too late.

He closed his eyes that he might not see
And leaned against a BEECHNUT tree
Then silently he turned away
And wasn't seen again that day.

"How does my love appeal to you?"
PRINCE ALBERT said. "My heart is true."
Fatima shyly laid her head
On his TUXEDO as she said:

BULL DURHAM was a CLOWN," said she,
"But his kisses meant the world to me;
And CHESTERFIELDS they satisfy
But that is merely getting by.

"Your kisses do not bite the tongue
They're soft and mellow, not too young
They're just the kind I do not like
Please light me up a LUCKY STRIKE."

—by R. L. Kay.

* * * * *

Casey's Table D'Hote

OH, them days on Red Hoss Mountain when the skies
wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz
brave 'nd true
When the nights wuz crisp and balmy, 'nd the camp was
all astir,
With the joints all throwed wide open, 'nd no sheriff
to demur.
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies
fur away—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I can find
today.
What though the camp hez busted! I seem to see it still,
A-laying, like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chockin' in my throat,
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's
tabble dote.

THIS CASEY was an Irishman—you'd know it by his name,

And by the facial features appertainin' to the same;
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,

From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings.
But somehow, hadn't caught on—so, driftin' with the rest,
He drifted for a fortune to the undevolped West;
And he came to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp wuz new,

When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz brave and true;

And, havin' been a steward on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a caffy, 'nd he run a tabble dote.

THE bar wuz long 'nd rangy, with a mirror on the shelf,
'Nd a pistol so that Casey, when required, could help himself;

Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer and wine,

'Nd a keg of Bourbon whiskey of the run of '59.

Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls—

Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls;

The which had been identified with Casey in the past—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean—and both wuz mighty fast;

But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note,
By the side of what was offered at Casey's tabble dote.

A TABBLE DOTE is different from orderin' aller cart,
In one case you get all there is—in t'other only part;
And Casey's tabble dote began in French—as all begin--
And Casey's ended with the same, which is with "vin."
"vin."

But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high toned restauraws down
East;

'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tas,
Or, sometimes, floating Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass,
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a fellar's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble dote.

THE very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzom 'nd the water to my
eyes;

'N seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it used to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63.
But maybe, it is better 'nd maybe I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains just the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair 'nd
blue,

When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd
true;

When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain
smote,

For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tabble dote.

—Eugene Field.

* * * * *

Dear T. N. T.: What are sun spots?

Exema.

Freckles.

* * * * *

Customer: Why do you serve condensed milk here?

Waitress: Because the lunch room is so small.

* * * * *

WHEN IT COMES TO SHOWING OFF
THEIR LEGS EILEEN SAYS SOME
GIRLS AREN'T ANYWHERE
NEAR AS MODEST AS A
TABLE.

* * * * *

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN—
Two clams shaking hands in a foggy desert.

The Height of Imagination

-SEPTEMBER MORN IN A BATHIN SUIT-



The supreme test of devotion is TRIPLETS.

* * * * *

"The way some shieks hang around at night," says Eileen, "they must think this Sheeba's home is an Eskimo Igloo."

* * * * *

BY BUNGSTARTER

I slipped, I fell, I sat down hard,
I landed on my rear,
I cursed, I swore, I damned my luck,
My heart was filled with fear.
I felt, I looked, I felt again,
I ceased to cuss and chafe,
I smiled, I grinned, I cried aloud,
"Hooray, the stuff is safe!"

* * * * *

It takes a red-nosed man with a greasy vest, a dirty collar and a cheap cigar, with his feet nonchalantly propped up on another chair, to put the proper emphasis into the words: "These women reformers make me weary."

* * * * *

JIMMY—if the alarm clock won't wake you, try cascarets.

Sweet Rapprochement

"Yes," quoth the *New Thought Advocate*, as they approached his humble flat, "always be calm, let a sweet sense of peace pervade your conscience at all times; let no manifestation of anything save symphonic harmony synchronize your deific being. Anger is a virulent poison, my friend; never allow it to hold you in its awesome grip for a moment."

"I see," murmured the neophyte.

"Well, well, dear me!" announced the N. T. A., in saccharine balminess, upon reaching the vestibule, "I've left my keys in the flat; isn't that droll! Fortunately my good wife is at home." He pressed the electric button. In a moment a series of whirling clicks sounded as the automatic door-lock-release operated from above. The N. T. A. crossed quickly to the door, and seized the knob—too late! His wife had ceased to operate the control. Again he crossed to the electric bell; once more the control clicked. He dashed toward the door and grasped the knob, shaking it wildly as the clicks again ceased the instant he touched the knob.

"Holy sufferin' what the Devil is the matter with that bone-headed female up there? Did you ever see a woman with an ounce of brains? Why the H—— don't YOU grasp the knob when I press the button! No wonder Jesus wept! Well, I'll be "?*!()&æœ***.

At last one of his yanks occurred at the right moment and the

door was released by the electric control. The N. T. A. looked around for his proselyte but he had slipped away unnoticed—lost to The Cause forever!"

* * * * *

Why did Brown get a divorce? I thought he loved his wife.

He did, but he wanted to get a new mother-in-law.

* * * * *

EILEEN THINKS YOU COULD GET DRUNK ON A CHINESE JINRIKASHA.

* * * * *

Eileen, the Office Vamp, has a room at the Hollywood Hotel. She says that every time she looks at the wonderful shower bath she can hardly wait for Saturday night.

* * * * *

Ford Back Sign:

PIGGLY WIGGLY, ALL OVER THE ROAD.

* * * * *

The first crossword puzzle was made with a rib.

'Stoo Bad

YOU CAN KISS SOME OF THE GIRLS
ALL OF THE TIME, SAYS TIM N.
TUT, AND ALL OF THE GIRLS SOME
OF THE TIME, BUT YOU CAN'T KISS
ALL OF THE GIRLS ALL OF THE
TIME.

* * * * *

**Tim N. Tut thinks the KKK originated
the Red Cross.**

* * * * *

Tim: "I'm tired of this hurry, flurry, busy
world. I'm going to lead a simple life."

Eileen: "You won't have to change much."

* * * * *

**JIMMY, A LITTLE GASOLINE MIXED
WITH THAT MIDNIGHT OIL WILL
CATCH THE CHICKENS.**

* * * * *

**Its a good thing man wants but little here below. That's
about all the women wear.**

* * * * *

OUR NATURAL HISTORY

Speaking of dogs, the seat of their pants is in their lungs.

* * * * *

AN IDEAL JOB FOR TIM WOULD BE
A VETINARY IN DEROIT.

* * * * *

Tim: I was eating some trout yesterday and
got a bone in my throat.

N.: Try eating some mashed potatoes?

Tut: No. I swallowed a hot dog and sent him
after the bone.

* * * * *

**Tim N. Tut says to quit bawling him
out—he's received as many slams as a
door.**

* * * * *

"WOMAN, I'VE BLOWED EVERYTHING I'VE
GOT TO BLOW ON YOU EXCEPT MY NOSE, AND
NOW I'M GOING TO BLOW THAT, SO YOU'D
BETTER BE TROTTING.

Rich Man, Poor Man!

Oh, the rich have still a little,
And the poor have a little still,
With which to tune their human fiddle
At their own sweet will.

But the rich man's vats will soon be empty,
For his nip he'll know not where to go;
But the poor man's still will furnish plenty,
From it's hidden, silent, steady flow.

* * * * *

*EVEN THE MOST BROAD-MINDED
PEOPLE ARE SHOCKED BY A NAKED-
LIVE-WIRE.*

* * * * *

The prize dumbell is the frail who can't sleep
because her sweetie said she was "the one and
only."

* * * * *

"MANY MEN" SAYS EILEEN, "COULD
LOSE THEIR REPUTATION AND NEVER
MISS IT."

He Loved 'Em All

At the death of Bill Jones across the pond his companion bent over him as he gasped his last, to catch the faintly whispered words. They came, pitifully feeble, but with sufficient clearness.

"I am dying, yes. Go to Fannie. Tell her—I died—with her name on my lips; and that I—loved her—her alone—always. And Jennie—tell Jennie—the same thing."

* * * * *

THE INFANTRY AIN'T MADE UP OF ARMY MEN'S KIDS, SAYS TUM N. TUT.

* * * * *

"How did you like the fat lady?"
"Oh, she was simply immense."

* * * * *

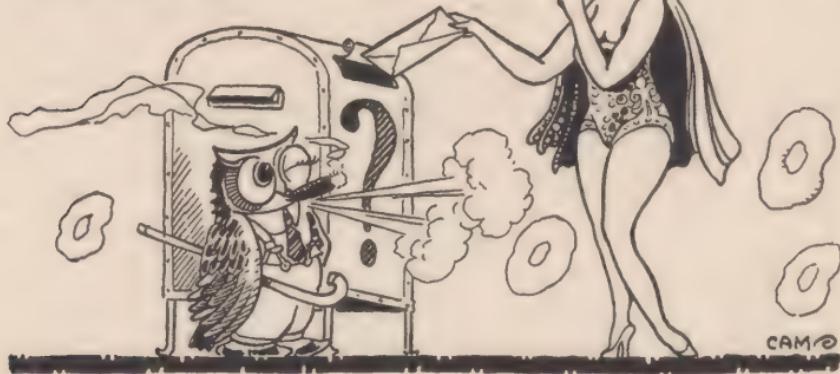
MANY A LITTLE PEACH IN AN OFFICE GETS CANNED.

* * * * *

Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

The other day a man in France died from drinking champaign.

THE QUESTION BOX



Dear Tut: What would you say about a man kissing while motoring? Iva Ford.

Iva, it should never be permitted. If a man can drive safely while kissing, it is a sure sign that he isn't giving the kiss the attention it deserves.

* * * * *

Tuty: Will you name a collective noun for me? Della K. Tessen.

We will name two, Della, A vacuum-cleaner and a magnet.

Tim and Tut: My father says there are times when it is good to be down and out. When, for instance? Charley Horse.

After the first airplane trip, for example, Charley.

* * * * *

Darling Timmy: Who are life's sheepiest lambs? U. R. Wone.

The individual whose spouse goes with him to buy his B. V. D. s.

* * * * *

Timothy: What is a juryman? Mazie Tobassco.

Mazie, a juryman is a damphool who never reads a paper and can't form an opinion.

* * * * *

Dear Tut: When can a person safely call a man a conservative? Gladys CannBE.

Gladys: A man is a conservative when he saves his cigarette stubbs and smokes them later on in the day.

* * * * *

T. N. T: What can I talk about to a lady to gain her favor? Arraby Gorrah.

Arraby, Your name sounds like you were one of these desert crawlers. Nothing works such wonders as telling a woman about her beauty, and if she hasn't any speak about the plainness of others.

Tim: Does suicide require any special courage?
Iwanta Tryit.

Iwanta, we wouldn't, because you may never come back, but, it requires no special courage. Arnica or iodine will do it nicely.

* * * * *

Oh, Tut: I am in such trouble. I want to get rid of my worst half and wish to keep it out of the newspapers as much as possible. What shall I do?—Mike M. Howe.

Mike, We feel for you and will do our darndest to reach you. Give her a bouquet of orchids, the shock will kill her, and you can use the flowers for the funeral.

* * * * *

Dear Tim N. Tut: I am 16 and go with a boy of the same age. He admits he loves me and wants a kiss. What shall I do.

IF THAT'S ALL HE WANTS, GIVE IT TO HIM.

* * * * *

Dear Tin: What are has-beens?—Eight E. Leven.

Sweet Mammas who went auto riding at night without using discretion.

* * * * *

A Nameless Baby

 LYDIA LOCKE—and a nameless babe. And therewith the tale of a tragedy is unfolded.

A few weeks ago a stylish and handsome woman appeared at the Willows Maternity Sanitarium in Kansas City and announced that she wanted to adopt a baby. She selected a curly haired boy—two months old. She bought him a costly wardrobe. And then Mrs. Ira Johnson of Hannibal, Mo. took her second-hand baby home.

Lydia Locke is the divorced wife of Arthur Marks, millionaire president of the Skinner Organ company.

At one time her name was blazoned forth in opera. She has been the wife of Orville Harrold. She married him after she was acquitted of the charge of murdering another husband, Robert Talbot, "the Prince of Gamblers," in Reno, in November of 1911.

Miss Locke, a winsome beauty was a member of Oscar Hammerstein's opera

company at the London opera house. Later she appeared at the Imperial opera house in Petrograd. She left the stage to marry Talbot, an adventurer who claimed to be a titled Englishman. She traded herself for the title and found then she had picked a buzzard. Talbot was a professional gambler.

Her last matrimonial venture with Marks ended when Marks gave her \$300,000 and established a \$100,000 trust fund for her on condition "that she leave him alone"! Marks was taking no chances.

So when Lydia went to St. Louis and obtained a birth certificate to prove the two-months old baby boy was her's it was only natural that the maternity home keepers should become rather agitated and active. And when Lydia arrived in New York shortly after hospital authorities there got busy. As the result, the baby goes back to the maternity home!

The tragedy of the thing is not as it affects Lydia Locke. The real tragedy is found in the crib of a crying infant in a maternity home in Kansas City.

THE HEROINE

*Poudre dusted pinkness
Subtle amber eyes.
Scented white softness—
Draped with silk.
Smoothly angled contours,
Slim allure . . .
Lips of fire
Damp with dew of love.*

* * * * *

*A charming miss went forth one day
Some pretty flowers to pick;
She came upon an apple tree
And ate till she was sick;
But as she sat upon the ground
She soon came to attention,—
For a hungry bee resentfully
Stung a place I need not mention.*

* * * * *

Some girls talk back to traffic cops and climb
up on the tables and chairs when they see a mouse.

* * * * *

Home is a place where you can quarrel in Peace.

BUGHOUSE PHILOSOPHY



THE ACME OF USELESSNESS
WOULD BE TO FEED A GUY
READING T N T "LAUGHING
GAS!"

* * * * *

The latest song hit by the Hollywood studios:
"Yes, we want no extras today."

* * * * *

Custer never rode in ambuscade more deadly
than surrounds the home seekers.

THE GIRL YIELDED

Johnny pestered his girl morning, noon and night. "Oh, will you? won't you? can't I coax you? Aw, go on, you said you would, won't you please?"

So finally his sweetheart did what he asked. She had her hair bobbed!

* * * * *

Dear Tim: Why are these wrap-around dresses like a circuis?

Uncle Sam: Because those who stand around sometimes see a side show.

* * * * *

MANY A HOPE CHEST TURNS OUT TO BE A HOPE JEST, SAYS EILEEN.

* * * * *

Tim says an optimist is a person who buys hair tonic.

* * * * *

Tim: Will wonders never cease?

N.: Why? What's happende now?

Tut: It says here, A FELLOW SWALLOWED A FROG AND CROAKED.

NEVADA, THE STAR ACTRESS
or
Wails of an Extra Girl

Universal City, Cal.

Dear Tim N. Tut:

If James Horn would of knew he was helping to learn a future star of th movin pictures behint the velvet curtains of th thrown, I guess he wouldnt got so sore.

Coming early I got to secret me amongst the purple draps of "The Missourian." I could sec only Jimmie whom ackted every part. When he done the Queen stuff, which was pure haughty royal an such, He was a blue note in the hither to harmony.

The acktin excitement got intents. Swords smote fruit was bein throwd words harsh and high was air filled. Jimmies face portruded the regestering emotshuns of Maximillyans mixed Austrian and Mexican court. James was sicking the ackters on to battle each other.

**The fight acktin was fierce, by james
face an voice directings. I begun to feel**

the parts from studyin James work. I clim on the back of the thrown chair wheres I could see from. The King raved and stood up. Me an the thrown fell over.

Down the thrown steps I rolled, and if I hadn't grabed the grey black booted lims of the Star of the peace I'd a got away.

From the form stranglin velvet folds, which was wadded about me, I raized my scared eyes. There upon me gazed down 2 fine clean ut beautiful manish blue eyes. And Reginald Denny a real aste akter and Star lifted me to my fainting feet.

Reginald shoed the staff off me and helped me to the back door of the stage from which I dissapeared.

I ain't goin to learn no more ofa Mr. James Horn. The one expresshun hes called fourth from my deep sole is humill-eashun. My self importance is battered to a pale pink. In my own sight I powder my nose with clothed eyes.

Little did I reckon, when like a poor fish I returned to the scene of my captsure, that I should come to worser grief than former.

Irregardless of which right I had of consoling myself behint the Queens exit door. Could I be treated faulty because I apresheat with open laufter the carryings on of royal persons and party? Especially them which is bein depictshured about a guy whichs "The Missourian?"

Did I deliberately hide wheres the Queen could fling open the door and leave the hole cast and staff plus extry persons throw looks of heavy scorn and horror on me?

Which of us all wished me farther "out of the pictsure" than me? James Horn you coulda left out about it bein the third time of me buttin in. Remember theys a Place paved by furious womens scorn, er sompthing.

**The one flour in my bitter ointment
was the Stars not joining in the balling of
me out. And fer that, Reginald Denny,
some day you can be my leading male
characterzashun.**

**Feaverntly I say James, that from now
on I have my career which will be my
goles soul aim, and I'll live fer Arts sake.**

— Nevada Carson

A Misunderstanding

Sambo Dark, for a lark, went to stroll in the park
With the sweetie that he liked the best;
The night was quite warm and he thought it no
harm
To sit down on the grass for a rest,

But when Sambo, the scamp, found the grass was
quite damp
He said, "Honey baby, some dew."
The lady blushed red, and indignantly said
"SOME DON'T!" and from Sambo she flew.

* * * * *

Yours till the chickens fly back north.

* * * * *

Eileen: How are you?

Tim N.: O, I can't kick.

Eileen: No, I shouldn't think you could.

* * * * *

"The widow Olsen is now boarding with Mr.
and Mrs. Tilly Hansen." NOW WHICH WILL
IT BE, WAR OR SCANDAL?

A Gob's Memories of Brest, France:

"LIBERTY"—Rue de Siam—Marine Bar—Hot Rum—Beer ("Big Ones")—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

FRENCH GIRLS—ditto gobs—ditto soldiers—Cafes—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

CURIO STORES—"Naughty" post cards—Silk steward—"Combinations" (?)—Corset covers—Ditto aprons—Rue de Siam—Cafes—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

"SNAIL" RES'TRUNT—Good chow—French Molls—Champagne—Hot Rum—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

BURLESQUE SHOWS—where girls dance—sing—Act—N'EVERYTHING—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

FRUIT STORES—French cheese—I'scream—Peanuts—"Nigger Toes"—and Navy "Nuts"—Cafes—"Here's Luck"—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

"BUCKET O'BLOOD"—"Hard" Gobs—"Tough Skirts—(Knock 'em down—Drag 'em out)—Big Beers—Hot Rum—Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

In Back room of Blue front—"Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here"—"The Yanks Are Coming"—"Madelon, Madelon"—Red wine—White wine, Cognac, "1, 2, 3, 4" and "5 Star."

FALL OF YEAR 1917—Big Storm in Bay O'Biscuits—Hell on ocean—Plenty sick—Reach Brest—go ashore:—Rue

de Siam—Marine Bar—Blue Front—“Bucket O’Blood”—Big Beers—Little Beers—“Coffee Royals”—(“OH, BOY!”)—“Lemon Shoes”—“Tray Beans”—Toot Sweet”—Cognac, “1, 2, 3, 4 and “5 Star.”

PLENTY RAIN—Plenty mud—Nasty weather—Catch a cold—Catchum “Flu”—Catchum Horsepistol—Good Doc—Good Nurse (“I Don’t Want to Get Well, I Don’t Want to Get Well”—Good MEDICINE:—COGNAC, “1, 2, 3, 4” and “5 STAR.”

—*By a Gob Who Was THERE.*

* * * * *

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD—the corset is coming back into style.

* * * * *

A baby and a radio do their stuff after the company has left.

* * * * *

Barber shops should be called *Bobber shops*.

* * * * *

LOOK FOR THE HICK (HIC) IN THE CITY, NOT IN THE COUNTRY.

* * * * *

About the only things some pitchers beat are drums.

THE FURLough HOUND

(Author's Note.—"There used to be a time when men joined the Navy to go to sea. Now they join up to go home.)

Air: "Home, Boys, Home"

"Home, sir, home, that's where I wanna go,
Home, sir, home, on a little furlough.

THIRTY DAYS LEAVE, THIRTY DAYS
TRAVEL TIME,

And THIRTY DAYS EXTENSION, sir, if
you don't mind?"

—*By A Gob Who Knows.*

* * * * *

AFTER TEN YEARS SOME MEN
LOVE THIER WIFE, AND OTHERS
TELL THE TRUTH.

* * * * *

Eileen's beau hangs around so much that her
shadow is out of business—competition was too
keen.

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